ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΤΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ

ΣΤΑΥΡΩΣΙΝ

Μονοστροφικά.

AN

ODE

ON THE

Crucifixion of CHRIST.

BEING

A Paraphrase of a *Greek* Hymn upon that Subject, at the End of Bishop ANDREWS's Devotions.

By R——T T——R, A. M.

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An ODE on the Crucifixion of CHRIST.

OF trivial Rhimes enough!— Let's now
Our crucified King,
On new-ſtrung Harp, with ſolemn Sound
And awful Rev'rence, ſing.
But 'midſt the matchleſs Wonders he
In ſuch Profuſion wrought,
Where ſhall the Muſe begin, where end,
Or how conduct her Thought?

I'd ſing what paſſes Skill of Men
And Angels to deſcry;
How Heav'n's great Lord, the Source of Life
Th' immortal God could dy!
I'd ſing th' unmeaſurable Height
Of Love, which did diſpoſe
A tender Sire, his own dear Son
To ſacrifice for's Foes!

His

ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΤΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ

ΣΤΑΥΡΩΣΙΝ

Μονοστροφικά.

Ἄλις ἐνθέου φλυάρου·
Ἄμειβε, μῦσα, χορδὰς,
Καὶ βάρβιτον λαβοῦσα
Σεμνὸν κρότησον ὕμνον.
Σταυρουμένῳ ἄνακτι.
Ὦ θαυμάτων ἄπλητε
Θησαυρὲ, κ' ἀπέραντε,
Τί σοὶ, τί πρῶτον εἴπω;
Θέλω λέγειν ἀνέκφατον βροτοῖσι,
Μακαρεσί τε δαίμοσι γεῖφον·
Πῶς Θεὸς ὢν ἔθανες!
Θέλω λέγειν ἀνιχνίαστα βένθη
Ἔλεε, ὅτι λύτρον ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν
Τὸν ἔδωκε Πατήρ!

His ſplendid Triumph loud proclaim,
Rais'd from his Three-Days Grave,
Hell vanquiſh'd, Death by Death ov'rthrown
And Satan made his Slave!
But what impedes my tow'ring Flight
Is yon Mount *Calvary*;
Whence Noiſe confuſed ſtuns mine Ears,
Of thoſe who kill and dy.

Fix on that Mount thy wond'ring Eyes,
View him amidſt the three,
(How quite unlike the other two!)
Rack'd on th' accurſed Tree.
How he with Looks ſerene and mild
Reclines his drooping Head;
Whil'ſt his ſtrong Arms, nail'd croſs the Beam,
At full Extent are ſpread!

Wretch'd Man! can'ſt thou this moving Scene
Survey with tearleſs Eyes?
Sigh, ſmite thy Breaſt, and in thy Soul
Let tend'reſt Paſſions riſe.

Θέλω ὑψόθ' ἄϋσαι
Θέσφατον θρίαμβον τριημέρου νεκρῦ,
Καὶ αἰκιμάλωτον Ἅιδην,
Καὶ θάνατον θανάτῳ λαμέντα!
Ἀλλά μοι ἀμφιβρέμει Κρανίων ὄρος,
Καὶ πολύθρου κελάδου γέμει ἔαται,
Ὀλλύντων, ὀλλυμένων τε.
Ἐκθόρετ' ἐς λόφον ὄμματα,
Τίς μέσος κρέμαται τριῶν,
(Ὡς οὐδὲν δυσὶν ἴκελος!)
Ἐκ δ' ἐτάθη τετράζυγι πρέμνῳ
Πρῆϋ κάρηνον ἥδεως κεκυφὼς,
Καὶ ὠλενῶν ἱερὸν κρέμος
Ἐσχάρσιον πετάσας,
Νηλεέσσι γόμφοις
Πεπαρμένον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα!
Ἄνθρωπε τάλαν! ταῦτ' ἀπαθὴς βλέπεις;
Οἴμωζε πολλά, ἐνθῆτα ῥῆξον,
Καὶ τύπτε στέρνον, καὶ τίλλε χαίτην,
Καὶ παλάσσε κινοῦ.

Ἦ

See him with Purple all diſtain'd,
Not of the *Tyrian* Dye,
But his own Blood, which in full Streams
His gaping Wounds ſupply!
Part from his ſacred Temples flows,
Which pierced are and torn
With feſt'ring Scratches and deep Stabs
Of ſharpeſt pointed Thorn.

Part from his mangled Body ſprings,
With Gaſhes all ov'rſpread,
Both Back and Sides; which cruel Whips
Of twiſted Cords have made.
Ope wide the Flood-gates of thine Eyes;
With Tears bedew the Ground:
Lament thy Sins, Source of his Woes,
And make a mournful Sound.

He for thy Sake his vital Blood
In Torrents ſheds!— Then chooſe
If thou, relentleſs! can'ſt for his
To drop ſome Tears refuſe.

The End.

Ἦ οὐχ ὁρᾷς ὁλοπόρφυρον;
Στίλβουτ' οὐ φλογὶ
Σιδονίης ἀλὸς ἀλ-
-λ' Αἵματι σαζομένῳ.
Τῷ μὲν ἀπὸ κροτάφων
Κυκλωμένων ἀκάνθης
Ὀξυτόμοισι κουραῖς·
Τῷ δὲ καὶ ἐκ μελέων
Κεχαραγμένων ἰμάσθλης
Πικρῇσι συμπλοκῇσι.
Ἄνοιγ', ἄνοιγε
Πύλας ὀπωπῶν·
Καὶ σπογὰς βλεφάρων
Λύσαι· Ψέκαζε, δεῦε γαῖαν
Σὺν τῷ ἀφειδῶς
Ἑδν αἷμα χέαν-
-τ'. Ὀλιγ' ἄτλα λείβειν δάκρυα.
Τίς φθόνος, ὦ βροτέ;

ΤΕΛΟΣ.

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